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Roxbury - May 27 - 1868 -

Mrs Dresel

Dear Mrs. Dresel: -

How far was it from my thoughts, when, some weeks ago, I had the pleasure of an interview with your now sainted Mother, that it would be the last time I should be permitted to hold communion with her in the flesh! If I remember rightly, in the course of our conversation I spoke with direct reference to that great change which in due time is ordained for all the human race, and through which she has now passed, and expressed some cheering views as to the life beyond the grave. But, certainly, I had no suspicion that, in her case, the silver cord would be speedily ~~broken~~ loosed, and the golden bowl broken.

It was not till three days ago that I heard of your Mother's illness; and it was just as I was intending

to call at your door to make inquiry about her that I was told she had risen "the last of Earth."

As one knowing her rare worth, loving and admiring her character, deeply indebted to her for many kindnesses, co-operating with her many a year in a strenuous Endeavor for the liberation of every bondman in our land, and always cheered by her presence, and strengthened by her Example, allow me to mingle my tears with yours, and to proffer you my heart-felt sympathy in view of your great bereavement. What she was as a friend, I shall ever have cause most gratefully to remember. What she was as a mother, you know full well. What she was in all the relations of life, all who knew her could speak in most emphatic language. When I think of the goodness of her heart, the

habitual gentleness of her spirit, the magnetism of her presence, her tenderly sympathetic nature, all the fine Elements by which she was characterized, I reproach myself for not having called upon her oftener to indicate the profound respect and esteem I cherished for her - among the loveliest and best of womankind -

Among the very Earliest to give me words of Encouragement and generous assistance in the prosecution of the Anti-Slavery cause, and always the same in sunshine and in storm, nobly self-sacrificing and morally heroic to the End, I have no language to express my appreciation of her excellence, and gratitude for her efficient co-operation. Such, also, were and will ever continue to be my feelings in regard to your lamented father, whose "mountain majesty of worth" it delights my soul to contem-

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place. Surely, in death they are not divided; surely, by death they are reunited. Think of them with no reference to what is mortal, but as blessed and glorified spirits, who will assuredly hover over and around you and yours for ministering purposes.

In this brief letter of condolence and very inadequate tribute, my dear wife and children unite, and send you and Mrs. Diesel their sympathizing regards with my own.

Yours, with the warmest esteem,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison -

Mrs. Diesel -

(Miss Anna Loring)